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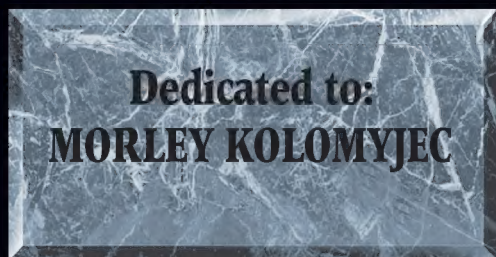
SPAWN



T. DANIEL
CONRAD
TB

image[®] COMICS PRESENTS:

"FUGITIVES"



Spawn #38 Summary:

Chris wanders through Dr. Frederick Willheim's mansion looking for files on the uncompleted Cy-Gor project. While viewing Dr. Willheim's last recorded message, Chris learns that Frederick's devotion was not solely to the simian project as he becomes obsessed with bringing his wife back to life. After surviving a stroke, Dr. Willheim finds himself physically unable to care for Cy-Gor. Chris attempts to leave the mansion, but Cy-Gor finds him first. Meanwhile, Spawn prepares the weapons he stole from the army base for a one-man war against Wynn. Cogliostro warns Spawn that killing Wynn will not solve his problems as Wynn represents only a small piece of the puzzle. Spawn once again visits Grannie Blake.

FOR IMAGE COMICS
LARRY MARDER - exec. director

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NEW
YORK
CITY.

IN THE CRACKS AND
CREVASSES OF THE
LOWER WEST SIDE'S
ALLEYS, THERE IS A
PLACE...

... A DARK PLACE,
HIDDEN FROM
SYMPATHY... A PART
OF THE BOWERY
MORE HOPELESS
THAN EVEN THIS
SAD DISTRICT'S
REPUTATION... A
PLACE BENEATH THE
DIGNITY OF MOST OF
THE HOMELESS.

IT'S CALLED
'RAT CITY.'

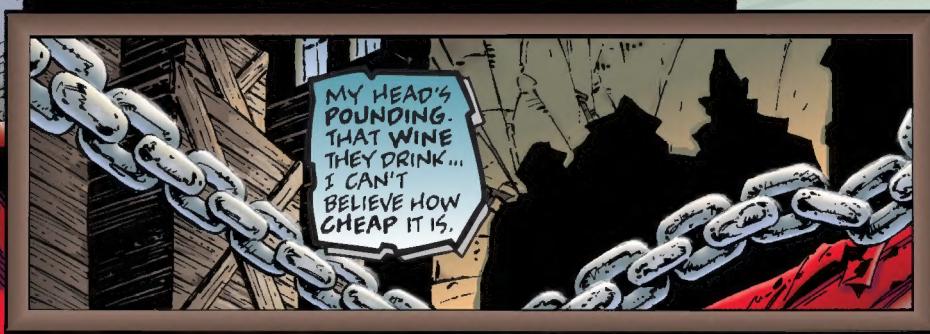
ONLY A HANDFUL OF
CITY OFFICIALS EVEN
ACKNOWLEDGE IT. SOME
POLICE INVESTIGATORS,
A COUPLE OF FIRE-
FIGHTERS... NOT MANY
MORE. AND ESPECIALLY
NOT THE GENERAL
PUBLIC.




MORE RECENTLY,
IT'S BECOME
HOST TO A NEW
VISITOR.

A NEW
HERO.

A KING.



MY HEAD'S
POUNDING.
THAT WINE
THEY DRINK...
I CAN'T
BELIEVE HOW
CHEAP IT IS.



HOW DO BOBBY
AND BOOTSY DO
IT EVERY NIGHT...?
THEY MUST... uh?

CAN I
HELP
YOU
GUYS?

I
JUST
WET
MYSELF.

TAKE IT EASY, SPAWN.
WE WERE J-JUST ADDING
TO YOUR THRONE.
TRYING TO MAKE IT
MORE... UM...
IMPRESSIVE.
AND
COMFY.

YAAHHH!

I-IT'S
HIM!

SURE.
SORRY. DIDN'T
MEAN ANY
HARM.

ONE OF
THE BUMS
GIGGLES.

WHAT-
EVER.

I DON'T
WANT YOU TO
TOUCH IT AGAIN.
NOT EVER.
UNDERSTAND?

WHY'S HE
LAUGHING?

WHO, ELMO?
DON'T PAY ATTENTION
TO HIM. DRUGS FRIED
HIS BRAINS YEARS
AGO.



I CAN TELL.

SO WHY DON'T YOU BOYS TAKE YOUR ACT DOWN THE ROAD.

I LIKE BEING ALONE.

MAN, THERE'S ALWAYS SOMEONE IN MY FACE. NEEDING A PIECE OF ME. EVERYONE EXCEPT WANDA, AND SHE CAN'T STAND THE SIGHT OF ME. BUT WHAT DO I EXPECT? SHE THINKS I'M SOME KIND OF PSYCHOTIC TERROR.

EVERY TIME I GET NEAR HER, THINGS SPIN OUT OF CONTROL. *

AND NOW, CAGLIO-STRO DROPS A BOMBSHELL... THAT JASON WYNN MIGHT NOT BE THE REASON I'M DEAD.

WHICH MAKES TERRY'S ROLE IN THIS EVEN MORE CONFUSING.

WHY'S HE HEADING UP WYNN'S PERSONAL SECURITY? HE WAS A DESK JOCKEY WHEN I DIED. NOW HE'S TRYING TO KILL ME.

SLEEPING WITH MY WIFE ISN'T ENOUGH FOR HIM, I GUESS.

* ISSUES 28 AND 36 -- Jaws.

LOST IN THOUGHT, SPAWN IS BARELY AWARE OF HIS COSTUME TENSING.


IT'S JUST THE ALCOHOL, HE TELLS HIMSELF.

LET'S GET THE HELL OUTTA HERE! IT'S BEEN ACTIVATED!

HE SHOULD HAVE KNOWN BETTER.

THE COSTUME DOESN'T LIE.

WHAT IS THIS?!



A BOOBY-
TRAP!

THE BIO-MECHANICAL
TENTACLES ARE STUPPED
WITH ELECTRO-NEURONS.
THEY DISCHARGE WITH
THE EXPLOSIVE FORCE
OF A SMALL BOMB.

THOSE STUDS ARE
PACKING MORE THAN
50,000 VOLTS EACH.
THE RESULT IS AS
EXPECTED...



...THE COMPLETE SHUTDOWN
OF AN ENTITY MADE ENTIRELY
FROM NECRO-PLASM.


HIDING THE TRAP IN A
THRONE OF DEBRIS WAS
EASY. NEATNESS DIDN'T
COUNT. IT WAS ALWAYS
COLLAPSING UNDER HIS
WEIGHT ANYWAY. THE
HARD PART WAS FINDING
THREE TECHS WILLING TO
ACT LIKE BUMS WHILE
PLANTING THE DEVICE
IN THE DEMON'S DEN.

OTHERS NOW
ARRIVE TO CARRY
OUT THEIR PART
OF THE MANIACAL
MISSION.

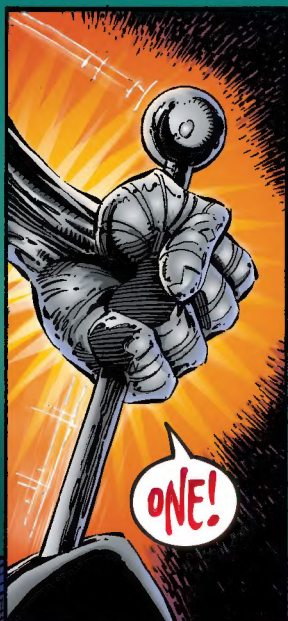
NOW,
NUMBER 4!
STRIKE
QUICKLY! THE
MASTER IS
UNSURE HOW
LONG THE
CREATURE
WILL BE
AFFECTED.

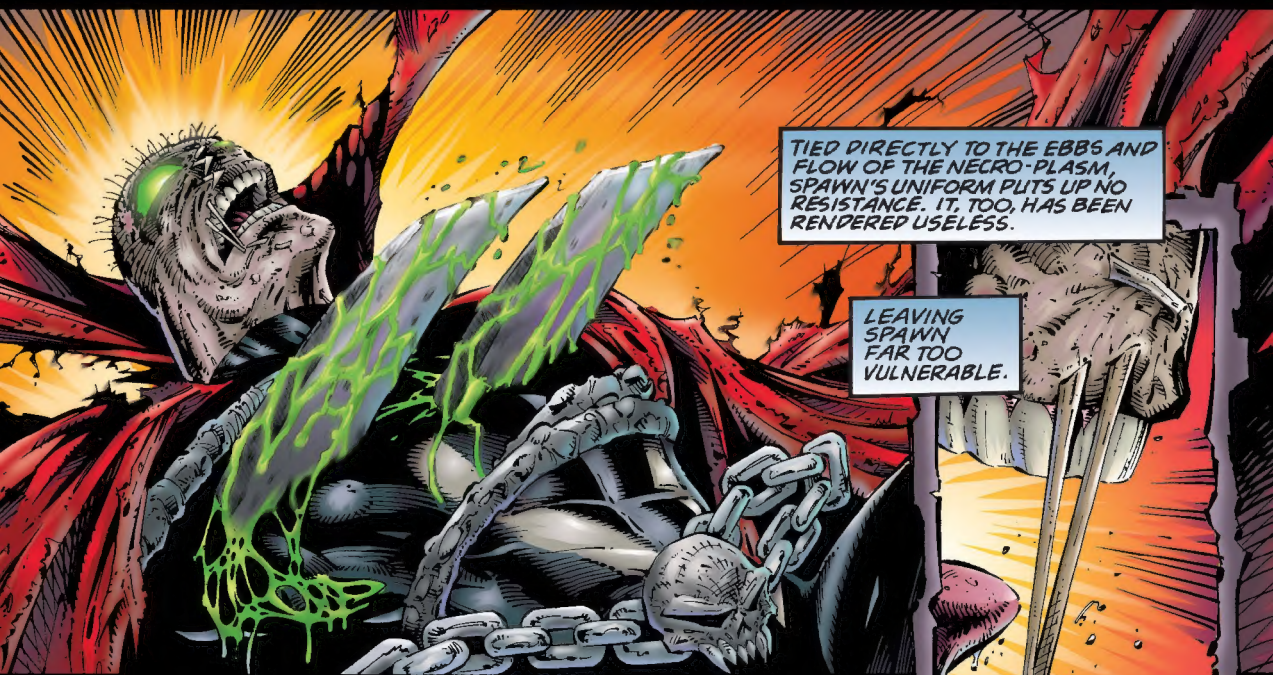
BRRM

KRK KRK



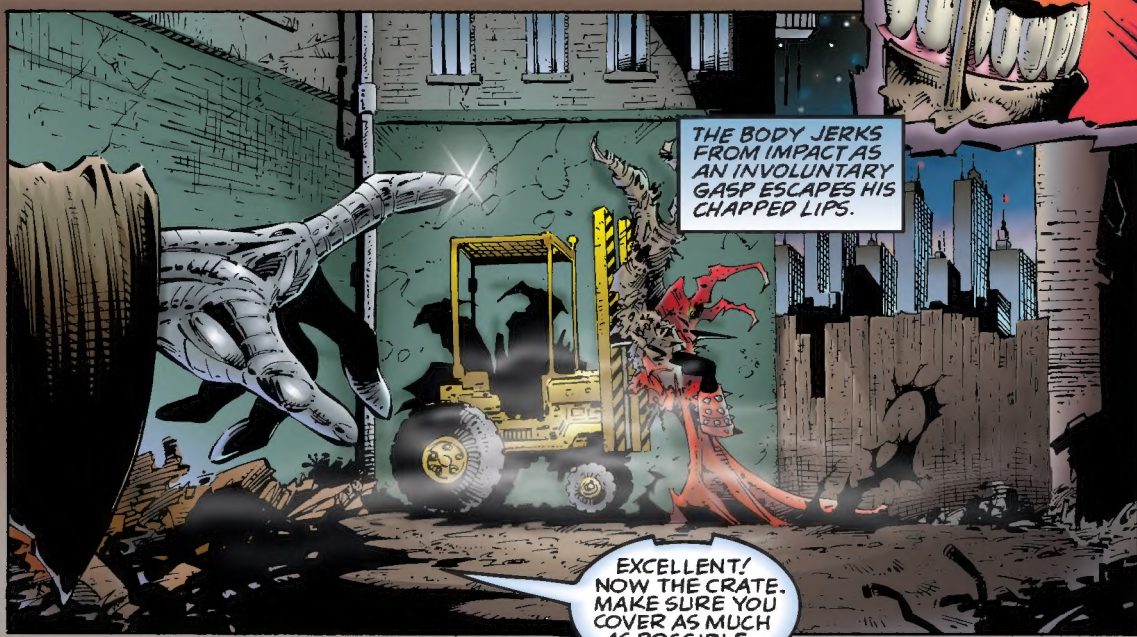
I KNOW
THE PLAN, NUMBER 7.
BUT POSITIONING IS
IF I DON'T HIT IT RIGHT,
THERE WON'T BE
ENOUGH OF HIM
FOR A SECOND
TRY.





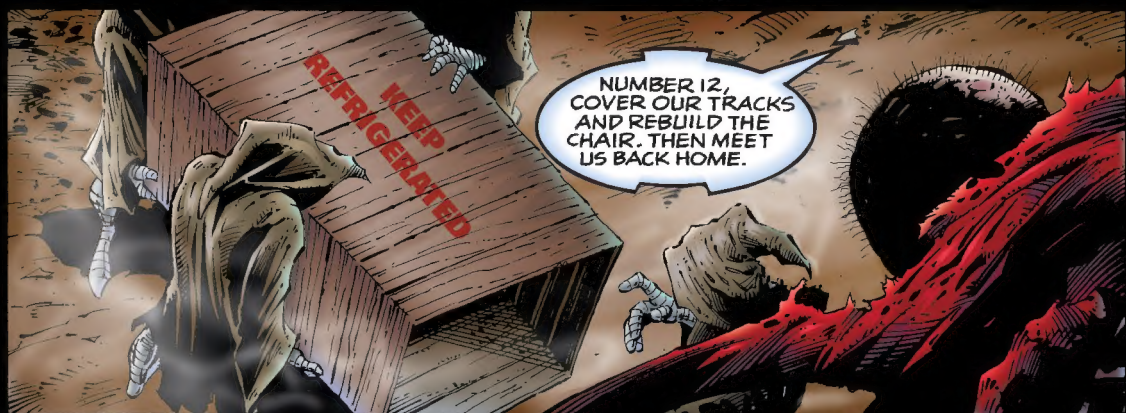
TIED DIRECTLY TO THE EBBS AND FLOW OF THE NECRO-PLASM, SPAWN'S UNIFORM PUTS UP NO RESISTANCE. IT, TOO, HAS BEEN RENDERED USELESS.

LEAVING SPAWN FAR TOO VULNERABLE.




THE BODY JERKS FROM IMPACT AS AN INVOLUNTARY GASP ESCAPES HIS CHAPPED LIPS.


EXCELLENT! NOW THE CRATE. MAKE SURE YOU COVER AS MUCH AS POSSIBLE.



NUMBER 12, COVER OUR TRACKS AND REBUILD THE CHAIR. THEN MEET US BACK HOME.



"WE'LL HEAD TO THE
DROP POINT. HOPE-
FULLY, THEY'RE
WAITING."



AFTER THAT,
WE'LL SPLIT
UP-- AND THEN
RENDEZVOUS
AS PLANNED.



"I'LL CONTACT THE
MASTER. HE SHOULD
JUST BE FINISHING
HIS PREPARATIONS
FOR THE DELIVERY..."



"... AND THE
UPCOMING
OPERATION."



ARE YOU SURE CYAN'S OKAY?

GOOD. SORRY I COULDN'T BE THERE TO HELP WITH THE BANDAIDS.

YEAH, THEY WANT ME TO CROSS-CHECK A COUPLE MORE FILES TONIGHT BEFORE I GO. DON'T WANT TO TAKE ANY CHANCES. I SWEAR, EVERYONE'S SO PARANOID.

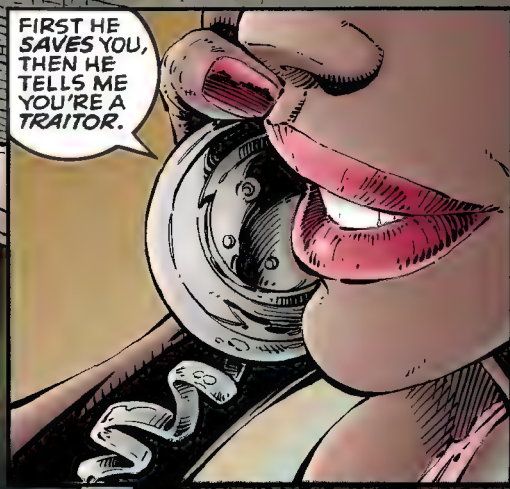
WE'RE ALL TRYING TO BUST THIS CASE OPEN, BUT WE KEEP RUNNING INTO WALLS. JUST LIKE OUR EARLIER SEARCH. NOTHING MAKES SENSE.



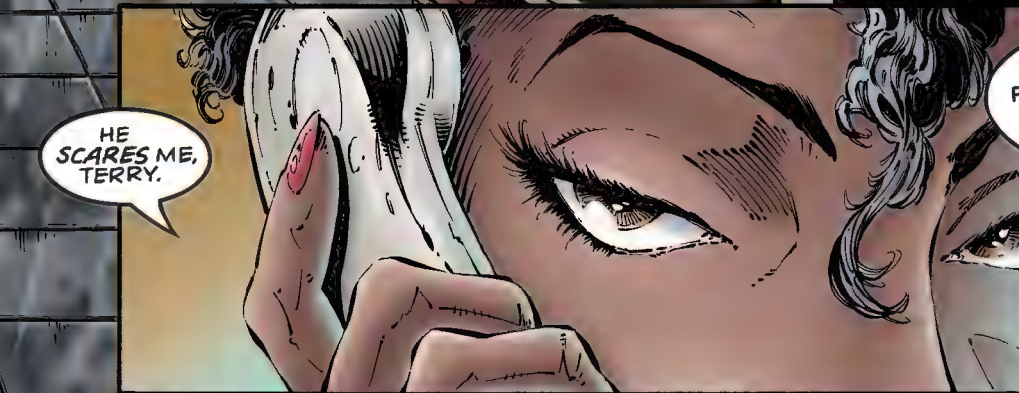
WHOEVER THIS SPAWN GUY IS, HE'S GOT SOME POWERFUL REASON TO BE MESSING WITH THE GOVERNMENT.

MOST SPECIFICALLY, WYNN.

AND US.

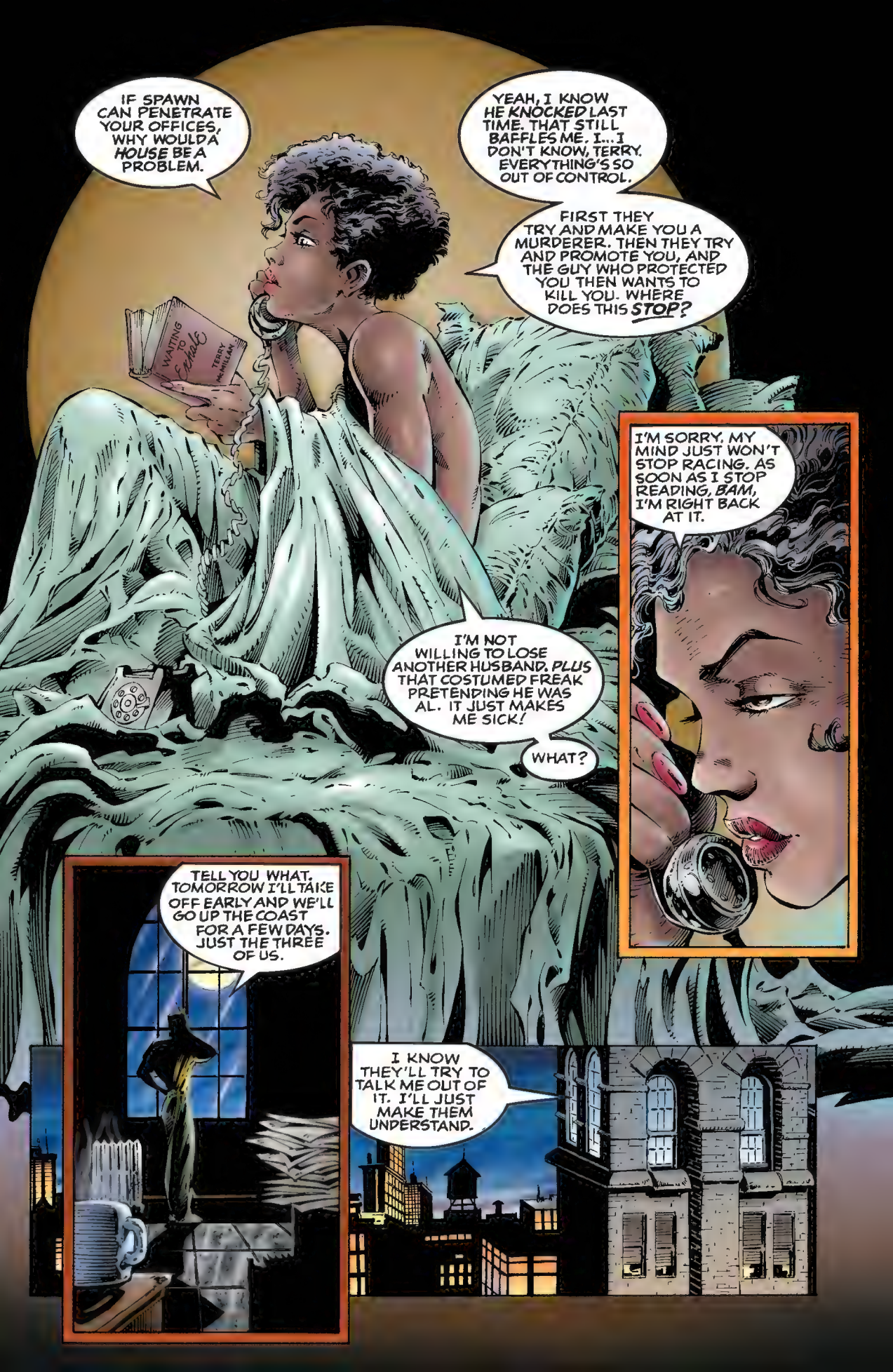


FIRST HE SAVES YOU, THEN HE TELLS ME YOU'RE A TRAITOR.



HE SCARES ME, TERRY.

I KNOW WE'VE GOT PROTECTION NOW, BUT I STILL DON'T FEEL SAFE.



IF SPAWN
CAN PENETRATE
YOUR OFFICES,
WHY WOULD A
HOUSE BE A
PROBLEM.

YEAH, I KNOW
HE KNOCKED LAST
TIME. THAT STILL
BAFFLES ME. I... I
DON'T KNOW, TERRY.
EVERYTHING'S SO
OUT OF CONTROL.

FIRST THEY
TRY AND MAKE YOU A
MURDERER. THEN THEY TRY
AND PROMOTE YOU, AND
THE GUY WHO PROTECTED
YOU THEN WANTS TO
KILL YOU. WHERE
DOES THIS STOP?

I'M NOT
WILLING TO LOSE
ANOTHER HUSBAND, PLUS
THAT COSTUMED FREAK
PRETENDING HE WAS
AL. IT JUST MAKES
ME SICK!

WHAT?

I'M SORRY, MY
MIND JUST WON'T
STOP RACING. AS
SOON AS I STOP
READING, BAM,
I'M RIGHT BACK
AT IT.

TELL YOU WHAT,
TOMORROW I'LL TAKE
OFF EARLY AND WE'LL
GO UP THE COAST
FOR A FEW DAYS.
JUST THE THREE
OF US.

I KNOW
THEY'LL TRY TO
TALK ME OUT OF
IT. I'LL JUST
MAKE THEM
UNDERSTAND.



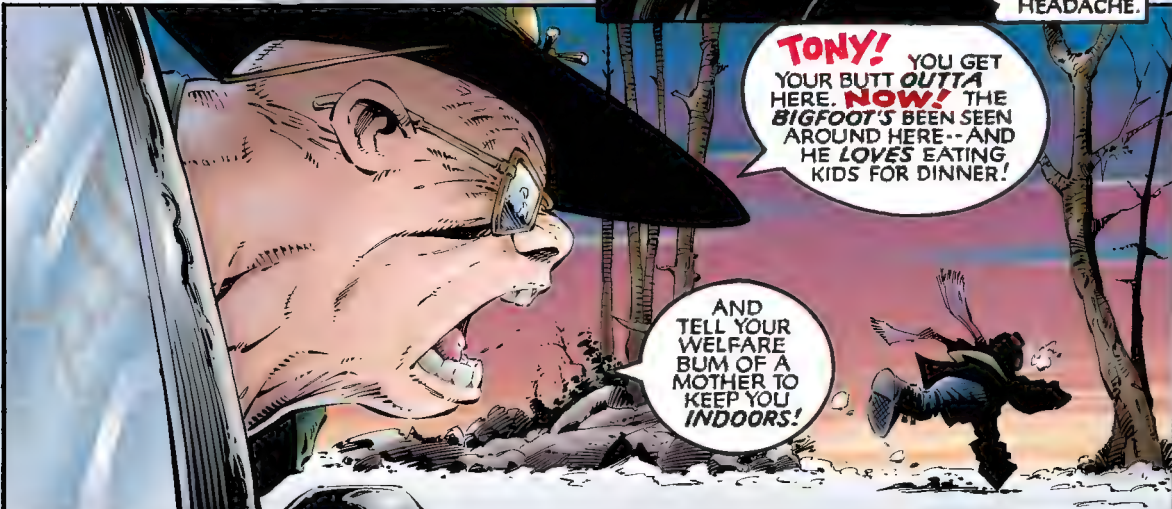
LITTLE TONY BILLOTO SMILES CONTENTEDLY AS HE BUSTLES ALONG. FOR THE FIRST TIME IN A MONTH OF ANGLING HE'D ACTUALLY GOTTEN A BITE.

SINCE HE NEVER USED BAIT ON HIS MAKESHIFT FISHING POLE, THIS WAS QUITE A HUGE ACCOMPLISHMENT.



... IF HE'S WILLING TO CONTINUE MAKING SACRIFICES. SUCH AS SCHOOL ATTENDANCE. AS HE'S DONE THREE TIMES THIS WEEK.

AND NOW-- A BITE! HE'S ALREADY DREAMING UP HIS NEXT DAYS' EXCUSE.



TONY! YOU GET YOUR BUTT OUTTA HERE. **NOW!** THE **BIGFOOT'S** BEEN SEEN AROUND HERE-- AND HE LOVES EATING KIDS FOR DINNER!

AND TELL YOUR WELFARE BUM OF A MOTHER TO KEEP YOU INDOORS!

ACTUALLY,
THE LOCALS
DIDN'T
KNOW WHAT
THEY WERE
SEARCHING
FOR--

-- BUT SOMETHING HAD
LEFT A BLOODY TRAIL
WITH TWO DEAD COWS
AND A HANDFUL OF
DOGS. THEY ALL AGREED
IT HAD TO BE SOME KIND
OF ANIMAL. A BEAR.
MAYBE A CRAZED
COUGAR. WHATEVER.

SO, THE SHERIFF
WAS BROUGHT IN.

NOW, ALL THAT
REMAINS IS TO
FIND THE
BEAST... AND
A SIGHTING
HAD BEEN
CALLED IN, LESS
THAN AN HOUR
EARLIER.

A FRESH KILL.

IT'S STILL
WARM--WHAT'S
LEFT OF IT. BLOOD
HASN'T EVEN
COAGULATED YET.
NOW HOW IN THE
HELL DID IT GET
HERE WITH NO
FOOTPRINTS
AROUND?

MAYBE
BIGFOOT
IS A LIGHT-
WEIGHT.

CAN THE
JOKES,
FRED. THIS
IS BAD. I'VE
NEVER SEEN
A KILLING
LIKE THIS
BEFORE.

GUYS!
HEY! I'VE
GOT SOME-
THING
HERE!



ROY!
HEY--
WHERE'D
YOUR DOGS
TAKE OFF
TO?

THE WOODS.
CAUGHT A
WHIFF OF
SOMETHING.

LISTEN.

SOUNDS
LIKE THEY'VE
CORNERED
IT.

WOOF WOOF
WOOF WOOF
WOOF WOOF
YIPES!



GOD.

WHAT
WAS
THAT?



ROY KNOWS.

THE BARKING HAD
SUDDENLY SHIFTED
INTO HIGH-PITCHED
YELPS.

HE'D HEARD THE
SOUND BEFORE--
THE LAST TIME
A BEAR HAD
COME ONTO
HIS LAND.



THERE
IT IS.

HOLY
JEEZ. LOOK
AT THE
SIZE
OF IT.



THE BLACK TERROR
STANDS NEARLY
THIRTEEN FEET AT
THE SHOULDER.

ITS BODY, NOW
ENTWINED WITH
HARD-CASE METAL,
IS BARELY VISIBLE
IN THE DARKNESS.

IT NEEDS
TIME TO
FEED.

OH... OH... OH...
IT **IS**
BIGFOOT!

ROY!
WHAT THE
HELL ARE
YOU DOING
NOW... ?!

SHUT UP!
THIS THING'S
GOT MY DOGS...
BUT NOT FOR
LONG.



AFTER ROY'S FIRST SHOT, HIS FRIENDS ARE QUICK TO JOIN IN.



THEY'RE NOT QUITE SURE WHERE TO AIM. A FEW BULLETS FIND THEIR MARK.

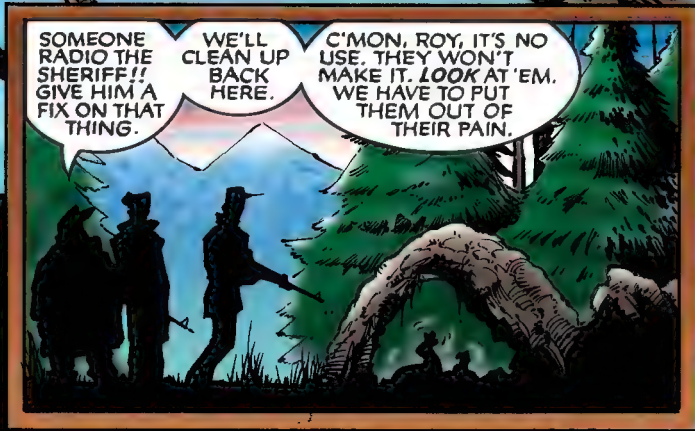
THE BEAST RECOILS.

REGAINING ITS BALANCE, THE CREATURE TURNS. SLOWLY. THEN, THE APE IS PRESENTED AN OPPORTUNITY WHILE SHOTGUNS AND PISTOLS ARE FRANTICALLY RELOADED.

KILLING THEM WOULD BE SO EASY-- BUT THE GREAT PRIMATE CHOOSES ANOTHER COURSE OF ACTION.

RETREAT.

IT'S GONE IN A HEARTBEAT... SUCKED INTO THE FOREST'S CAMOUFLAGE.



SOMEONE RADIO THE SHERIFF!! GIVE HIM A FIX ON THAT THING.

WE'LL CLEAN UP BACK HERE.

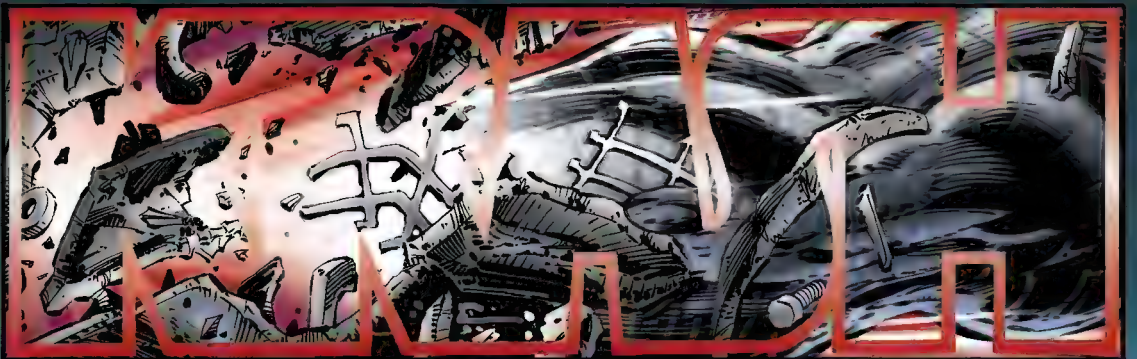
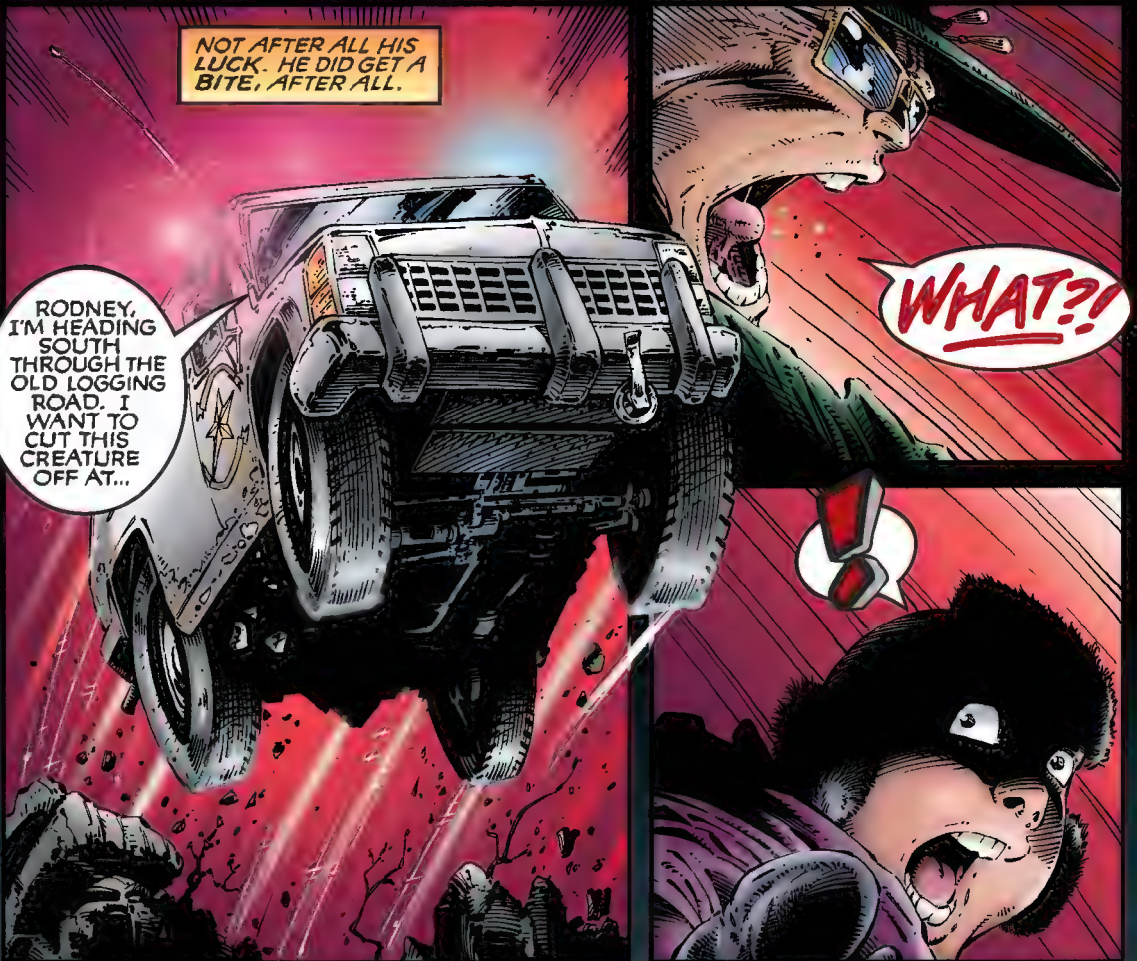
C'MON, ROY, IT'S NO USE. THEY WON'T MAKE IT. LOOK AT 'EM. WE HAVE TO PUT THEM OUT OF THEIR PAIN.




SHERIFF? THIS IS ANDY. SOME GODDAMN APE THING JUST BLEW A PATH THROUGH US.

WHAT?!

IT'S HEADED FOR OAKRIDGE CREEK.





THE PROJECT WAS
NAMED "BIO-MECHANIC
NEUROLOGICAL TRANS-
FERRAL SYSTEM".

THE MELDING
OF FLESH AND
WEAPONS.


THEY WERE TRYING TO
BUILD A WALKING
TANK. ONE THEY
COULD CONTROL. IT
SUCCEEDED.

ALMOST.

THE CODENAME CAME
A BIT LATER. SINCE
THIS WAS A CYBER-
NETIC GORILLA, IT
ONLY MADE SENSE:

CY-GOR

THAT'S
ITS NAME
NOW.
CY-GOR.

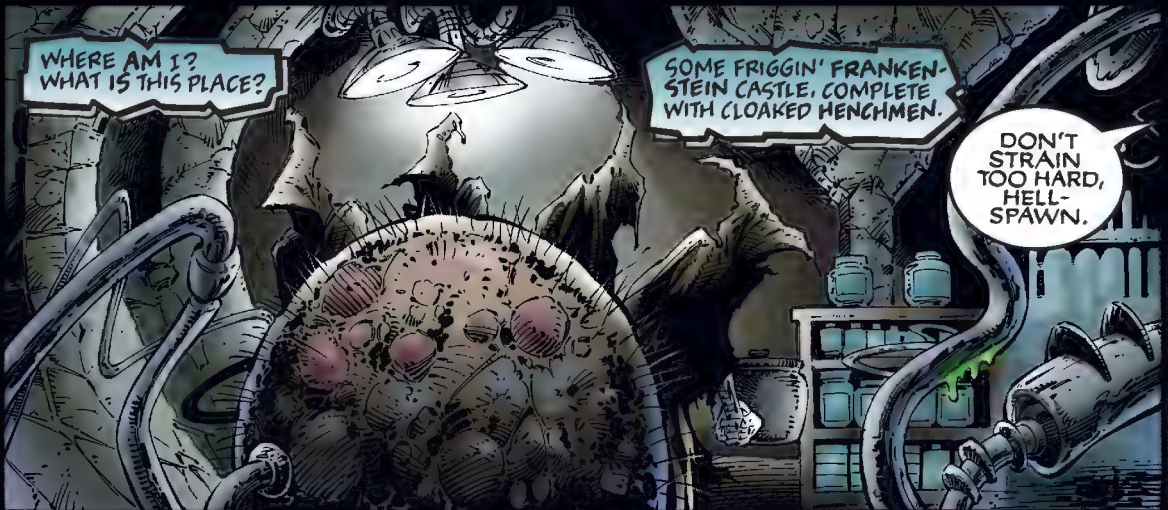
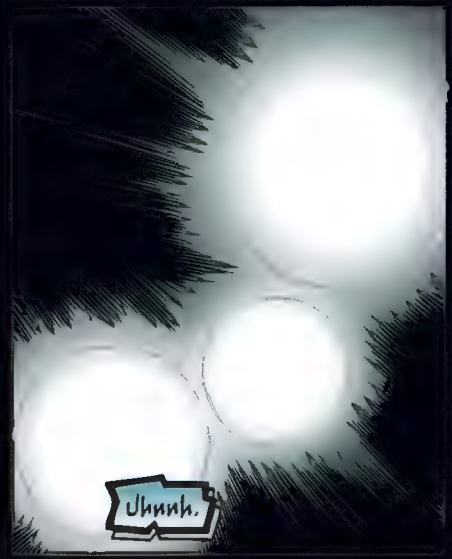


...THOUGH
EVERYONE IN
THIS COUNTY
WILL CALL IT
SOMETHING
ELSE.

THANKS...
BIGFOOT.



"AH, GOOD. THE DRUGS ARE WORKING. HE'S COMING TO. I WANT HIM TO SEE THIS FOR HIMSELF. SEE EXACTLY WHAT HELL HAS DONE TO HIM."





IT WON'T
MAKE ANY
DIFFERENCE.

YOU SEE,
I'VE FIGURED
IT OUT. WHAT
YOU'RE *MADE*
OF. HOW YOU
GET YOUR
POWERS.

IT'S TRUE
THE DEVIL
GAVE THEM TO
YOU, BUT NOW
YOUR STRENGTH
RESIDES *WITHIN*.
YOU'VE BECOME A
HOLDING TANK,
IF YOU WILL,
OF EVIL.

CURSE!

WHAT
ARE YOU
BABBLING
ABOUT?

YOU
REMEMBER
ME. THAT'S GOOD.
VERY GOOD.
BECAUSE I
HAVEN'T FOR-
GOTTEN YOU
EITHER.

HOW YOU
NAILED ME TO A
WALL. IGNORED
MY PLEAS. LEFT
ME TO *ROT!* YOU
WANTED ME
TO DIE, DIDN'T
YOU?

SORRY TO
DISAPPOINT
YOU.

AND YOUR
FRIEND
SANSKER.
HE WANTED
ME DEAD,
TOO.*



NOW IT'S
MY
TURN.

AS YOU'VE
BEEN OBSERVING,
MY ASSISTANTS
ARE **QUITE** BUSY,
EACH WITH A
SPECIFIC JOB.

ONE
CAREFULLY
STORES EACH
EXTRACTION.

ONE
CATALOGUES
AND INDEXES
THE INFORMA-
TION.


OTHERS
MONITOR THE
COSTUME. AND
DON'T BOTHER
TRYING TO
DEDUCE HOW I
SEPARATED THE
TWO OF YOU.
BELIEVE ME,
IT WAS A
CHALLENGE.

BZZ!

THE SAME
IS TRUE OF YOUR
CHAINS... THOUGH
THEY'RE SHOWING A
GREAT DEAL MORE
SPIRIT IN
RESISTING THE
DISSECTION.

PLIP

DISSECTION?



MORE OF AN
AUTOPSY, ACTUALLY.
BUT AS WITH ANY UNTRIED
PROCEDURE, THERE ARE
SIDE EFFECTS. THE SURGICAL
SEPARATION OF TWO JOINED
ENTITIES HAS *ALWAYS* BEEN
PROBLEMATIC, AND IT
WAS NO DIFFERENT WITH
YOU AND YOUR
COSTUME.

STILL, THE
OPERATION IS
FAR FROM OVER--
AND NOW THAT YOU'RE
AWAKE, I *SINCERELY*
HOPE YOU'LL BE ABLE
TO *FEEL* THE GRAND
FINALE:

THE
SEARING
PAIN AS I
REMOVE YOUR
LIVING

BRAIN!



NEXT ISSUE --
THE CONCLUSION!

...by MCFARLANE
AND CAPULLO!



Tyrant
Lizard
King

EMPIRE